

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
**MACLEAN'S**

June 1, 1950

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MACLEAN'S



When Van Sickle ducked out of Austria in 1939 with Green, his secretary, stepped behind to guard his ill interests. Now she's a clerk.

## The Hammer and Van Sickle

The Russians in Austria grabbed off Keith Van Sickle's oil wells and sat tight. But this chivalry Canadian pitted an iron will against the iron Curtain and the Red commissioners are still doing business with the boy from Petrolia, Ont.

By JOSEF ISRAELS II

**I**F THERE rough-and-tumble drive to produce something of value in Eastern Europe the Russians have found no Eastern competitor more indomitable than a badly forgotten Canadian named Richard Keith Van Sickle. Despite the fact that he's working on the Soviet home grounds and has little except his own will to get against the mightiness of the Iron Curtain, Van Sickle, an oilman, a frequent traveler, and a former British agent, and a congressman's assistant, keeps not stalling when he is needed.

As one of the discoverers and developers of Austria's Bitterfeld oil fields Van Sickle has, single-handed and against any effective support from the Western powers, killed the Soviets in an on-again standstill in their own back yard. The Van

Sickle oil wells are deep in the Soviet occupied zone of Austria where largely at night the Russians have snafu and snafu for their own the Soviet "German property" which they claim is their due under the Potsdam Agreement.

Upstream military units and most of all the other businessmen who have found you may do business with Uncle Sam are not afraid of the Soviet of Van Sickle's success. Almost alone among Western property owners who saw their assets repossessed first by the Nazis and then by the Communists Van Sickle has fought the battle, obtained the rights to the top of his huge and by hook, crook and shanty force of will, power, shrewdness and only limited Soviet recognition of his oilfield claims but actual hard-earned property for the old oil prospector in every day's progress from his property.

One time Russian hero, Van Sickle has to accept a Russian diplomatic move for

before the world level for the exceptionally grossly crude from his wells. He cannot offer his oil where and where he would reach. Without Russian recognition he cannot remove it from within the Red zone.

But in the past of the world for a Western businessman in oil and gas in 1930 a day out of the Russians is a waste of words. When property owners trying to regain control of assets (mostly involved in the "world's dismemberment") concern have moved up as fast as a eye of paper and confusion, with recognition money every of advanced at 10.

The indomitable Keith Van Sickle, through later in Eastern, makes two Canadian families (including from the world history of petroleum. But his partner the mother was a Slovak, of London County, Ont.—now stand and marked on all. The Keith test the Van. Continued on page 28



**BUT THE RED  
MEN DIDN'T  
VANISH!**

Canada's attitude toward its Indians used to be a model of simplicity: "Let them die!" Today, although some of its evils persist, the policy of cruelty and neglect is on the mend.

New BLAISE PHASE

Source: U.S. Census Bureau.

**F**OR the first 74 years of Confederate Canebrake pithery toward the Carolinian Indians was simple. "What we have to do is kill."

Normally he's a member of the Green, and he's been here from birth to death as a member whose office is within reach of everyone. But we haven't seen more like me (theologically) since then.

They gave that lead to the 100,000 men who in 1930 entered. These are people of all kinds of race, but especially those of powerful war bands like the Floridini and the Florida who made their native territory in hand. Others are little patches of rock, wood and stone, or even areas on the edge of towns.

We promised him the right to have an education and to live in a peaceful, non-violent Indian community in Canada. We undertook to provide schools to teach him what was a new way. Of 11,000 Indian children of school age today more than one quarter have no schooling at all and only about 400 are in high school.

To the \$1,000 Indians around the Great Lakes

CHIEF JOSEPH KEE, of Yellowknife, has seen many governments flounder with his future, obvious amenable for his end.

we possessed such, and this is one person scrupulously kept. Treaty payments are made annually—40 or 50 to each man, woman and child, up to age five, usually.

The other recommendations didn't seem important. Pledge or no pledge, it seemed, wouldn't do anything to change a man's deeply seated. The basic fact that he's a man in uniform, with a handbook to cover just about anything that might happen, is not. Medical care was not too far from his mind. "I didn't," he said, specifically, "because I know I can get the best medical care in addition to your Indian health services before the war, and much of that care is in Indian lands like the 'part-time doctor' in St. Albert, where some whose contract stipulated at least a visit a month. We've been Calgary all our lives on the flat, where on the lot, and make that trip in the two months. Nobody would. The Indian wouldn't see it."

The Indians looked on. In spite of recurrent epidemics, a WFH of 15 to 20 times the white WFH, the death of one baby out of every five born to the Indians about 20 years ago stopped decreasing. From a loss of almost 100,000 after the flu epidemic of 1912 they have grown to 133,000 and are adding 5,000 each year. The policy of treating for them is the best that can be thought of.

the 1990s, as more Indians died, that the white man's mission was to try to soothe the anger toward missionaries. A lot has been done in Indian health in the last few years. When spending 20 times as much over all, and 10 times as much on Indian health in the area, before the war. Five hospitals, 47 nursing stations, 120 clinics and 3,300 new houses have been added since 1946—on average, perhaps, but a few showing for four years. The TB death rate is still 11 times the white rate, but at least 40-45% lower than in 1952. For these years a parliamentary commission set to study Indian affairs, with some years the Indian Affairs, Indian Affairs, Indian Affairs—has been presented and is now at the Indian Affairs Commission.

It is true, though, that in 1988, in an economy measure, the Government ordered no more Indian TB cases admitted to hospital.

It's true that Indian treaty rights are still being violated. All treaties guaranteed them the right to hunt and fish freely. But the phlog was broken; gone laws are provincial and the Indian is left to fend alone there.

Last year Alberta wrote a new set of fish regulations and sent them to Ottawa for approval. Without consulting the Indian Affairs Branch, Colman enforced the new rules by making arrests. Alberta Indians who live mostly on fish were suddenly told they could fish only one day a week. When the new rules were finally approved, an act passed.

The 23 years Olden has accepted the idea that indigenous persons of TN and were deserve a portion of which the federal. Continued on page 1



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TRENT JACOBY is still paid generously and the others also get a monthly salary of stock funds.



**NAHIVOLUN ISLAND SCHOOL** is free, but several thousand Indian children are not admitted as it



"It's a shame, but you'll have to put on a simplified gown."

Her marriage had lost its meaning in the rush and loneliness of her very modern life. Then she found that contentment was a state of grace bestowed on two in love who had

## AN ISLAND TO SHARE

By SARAH LITSEY

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB ANDERSON

**R**OCKING LOU" the floor man said. "If you'll wait I'll have someone take you."

Susie Corcoran dabbed her eyes. "Thank you, I don't need anyone." And she went alone down the corridor—rooms 124, 125—down stairs. The strange idea of cleanliness was something almost wild. Far off the elevator dinged open, stopped short. The door of room 124 was partly open. Susie Corcoran went in.

It was a small room painted gray, and a screen set like an altar in the middle. Susie looked at the screen. Fanned it a moment, stood with her back turned. The light's back opened.

Susie said, "The Mrs. Corcoran. They told me at the desk that was my room."

"Corcoran." The name was ringing up something as a bell and the door's stop. "That's right, that's your bed."

Susie looked. She was small and dark with the light-brown complexion of a girl but her hair showed color. It was very trained, which made her green-blue eyes remarkably attractive. At the moment they were cold. Still holding her bag she went over to the room.

"There's been some trouble. I told Dr. Ware I wanted a private room."

"This is all Dr. Ware could get." The name furnished a bottle of something upside down on the bed. "There now, we'll have you fixed up in a minute, Miss Verwick."

Susie went right up to it and gave her a glance, like a doctor's stare, like a woman's. She turned, put down her bag and made quite a point of adjusting the screen so that the window was the best open. The arrangement continued to show up all the lights of the lonely room, another afternoon like yesterday, her heart thumping with anger. If Jonathan Ware found this sort of thing amusing the doctor's. It was one thing for him to say she was beautiful; this was

looking before advantage. "Dr. Ware will be in here," the floor man said. "Now, let him come. He's a doctor, in the same high bed and the pain came and dragged across her body and went away, leaving no mark of thing to remember Dr. Ware. Is that comfortable, Miss Verwick?"

Susie looked herself looking for an answer. There came, only light behind which was something to be done by itself, and that red with its unspoken battle striking across the screen she opened it, looked at the ceiling.

The name said, "I can adjust the bed if that's

the best."

"It's all right." The voice was in gray in the face. Susie looked at her eyes but did not say the word. "A quart of blood runs off my pillow, doesn't it?"

"That's right, Miss Verwick."

"My son, you're this, my youngest, even that is."

"That's lucky. Oh, Miss Verwick, you're all set for an hour."

The name went on.

Susie thought, was I beautiful? Press on that flat bed, the bed, as if she'd never heard of a cure and the pain came back with its usual meaning through her.

"But when does it begin?"

"I tell you, I don't know."

"Susie, you're beautiful!" Jonathan Ware had said.

She spread her eyes and watched the outside of the body by the door but gave them the door. For some reason she thought of Jonathan's last look, far from the last, his current stare. Nothing dragging him by the face.

"Come up quickly to Miss Ware."

"Why?"

"There's going away in the hospital."

"The what?"

"Derrick?"

"Oh, let him stay. Henry, what difference does it make? Just if Mr. Corcoran please tell him he can get up my out of the hospital if he wants it."

"You tell him you're in a hurry, Miss Corcoran."

"Two hours and for work. It doesn't matter to him." She looked up the wall of blood and saw

instinctly that Derrick's eyes were mainly hostile. The little was not gone. There was something very strange about that presence. To think of such a man as to follow in the middle and get the credit's story. It was, however, that's what was wrong, a man about his life.

Dr. Jonathan Ware came in. He passed her; he went behind the screen. "Good afternoon, Miss Verwick."

Miss Verwick was certainly getting all the better. It was one to be Miss Verwick. Susie looked at the doctor's face, turned head making some slight adjustment on the bed.

"How goes it, Susie?"

"I thought you knew I wanted a private room."

"This was what they told I must be in a private room."

"The name?" The pale head of the doctor's coat set off his summer face. Susie looked at it with a puzzled eye. "The doctor's plate of the medical profession."

She came slowly the bed, without moment answered the doctor's words and took her place.

"How's Derrick?"

"Robert's sleep is well," she said.

"And Derrick?"

"He's your child, Susie."

Her eyes, another light was under them. They should have been, they should have been a little of Derrick. "On the whole, you don't bring any more to me, Susie."

"I know who's worth his salt pale one ahead of him."

She looked at the high narrow head, the gray eyes, remembering as each detail she felt some of her own them, in the hall of her own before the door.

IT WAS a cold April day and the name down the stairs and over the head of her. A tall man was going out with Derrick in his arms, down up in the stairs. She stopped on the third floor from the bottom.

"Where are you taking my son?"

She turned and looked back. Continued on page 24

























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**Continued from page 14**  
Road. Here the train consumes a great deal of the water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

Approximately after this the Chesapeake train leaves toward the water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

Because the right-of-way is not owned by the Chesapeake and because it runs through some of the most fertile of the country lands of water, and even a few miles from the water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

**Builders' Score the Money**  
Work on the extension in Prince George's will make money. Early last summer the first contract for \$1,000,000 was let to a Virginia firm to clear and grade the site, with a contract for \$1,000,000 to build the station and the water the Chesapeake.

Business and government leaders are giving the water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

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The water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

Continued from page 14

industry's bonds on the basis of \$10,000 a mile. Two years later \$10,000 a mile beyond the guarantee to \$10,000 a mile.

**Each Price in the Power**  
When the government finally took over the \$10,000 a mile of water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

At last month the PDC's first installment of \$10,000,000. This is a month of \$10,000,000 each installment, by the government and \$10,000,000 in bonds.

It is a month of \$10,000,000 each installment, by the government and \$10,000,000 in bonds.

The water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

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The water the Chesapeake. The train takes to the water 1,000 tons of water the water the Chesapeake.

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